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Lost in time, a 19th century Kiowa brave finds himself in today's world -- along with scores of vicious, technologically-enhanced bionisaurs. There is no choice...the warrior must now become--
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A MARIJUANA FARM IN THE NEW RIVER GORGE, WEST VIRGINIA.
WELL, WELL... LOOKS LIKE SKUNKS DONE RIPPED OPEN OUR HEFTYS AGAIN AND DRUG GARBAGE ALL OVER CAMP.
OOPS... NAW... WAIT A MINUTE...
RAMPAGE ON NEW RIVER

...THAT AIN'T GARBAGE! IT'S THEM MEAN OLD DILLARD BROTHERS, COME TO PAY AN OLD FRIEND A VISIT.
CAN'T WE JUST SHOOT 'EM AND GET BACK TO BED, RIP HONEY? I'M KINDA SLEEPY.
AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT GUESTS, BABE. WE'LL VISIT A SPELL, FIRST.
THEN WE'LL SHOOT 'EM.
SORRY WE GOT YOU INTO THIS MESS, TUROK. GUESS WE'RE SLIPPIN' SOME.
ARRRROOO!
AND BY THE WAY-- SPORT DON'T LIKE YOU MUCH NEITHER!
I WAS ALREADY IN THIS MESS, PREACHER...WITH YOU OR WITHOUT YOU.
CHICKEN-STRANGLIN' MUTT! I'M GONNA DO THE A.S.P.C.A. A FAVOR AND PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY!
RIPSAW, YOU MURDERIN' POTHEAD! WE'VE COME TO TAKE YOU IN! CLIMB OFF THAT BIG HORNED MUDPUPPY NOW, 'FORE I HAVE TO STRIKE YOU BLIND!

TUROK, DINOSAUR HUNTER® Vol.1 No. 22, April, 1995. Published by VALIANT®, a division of Voyager Communications Inc., Steven J. Massarsky, Secretary. Office of Publication: 275 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10001. ©1995 Voyager Communications Inc. Turok is a registered trademark of Western Publishing Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof which originally appeared in publications originally published by Western Publishing Company, Inc. are trademarks of Western Publishing Company, Inc. All other characters herein and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of Voyager Communications Inc. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any persons living or dead, or any institution is intended and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA

(THEY ARE MY FRIENDS! THEY FEED ME, GIVE ME WEAPONS...!)
(...AND IN RETURN, I TEACH THEM HOW TO CONTROL THE THREE-HORNS!)
(CHICHAK NEEDS NO HELP FROM HIS OLD ENEMY TUROK!)
(WHERE WOULD TUROK HELP CHICHAK TO GO? LOST LAND IS GONE! THIS VALLEY IS THE ONLY PLACE FOR ME NOW!)
(RIPSAW IS MY BROTHER! HE HELPED ME ESCAPE FROM THE CAVE OF STEEL!)
(I WILL HELP HIM USE THE THREE-HORNS TO GATHER HIS CROPS, SO THAT HE MIGHT PLEASE HIS CHIEFS, THE GIACOMOS!)

<I DO AS MY BROTHER RIPSAW WISHES! AND IF HE WISHES TUROK DEAD, SO BE IT!>
SO, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR WAY OUT OF THIS GORGE... GET SOME HELP...
BY THE TIME WE DO THAT, TUROK AND THOSE BOUNTY HUNTERS WILL BE DEAD!
I'VE GOTTA DO SOMETHING! GIVE ME THE GUN!
NO! WE DO THIS MY WAY!
OH, YEAH? AND WHAT WAY IS THAT?
WELL?
COME ON. WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!
FOLLOW ME AND STAY LOW!

OH. I GET IT. WE HELP THEM BY RUNNING OUT ON THEM!
GREAT PLAN.
WELL, WELL. LOOKEE HERE.
WE HAVE TO FOLLOW OUR TRACKS BACK TO THE MIDLAND TRAIL, AND FIND SHERIFF NICHOLS AND HIS MEN.
HUH. HUH...
...HUH HUH HUH.

IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA USE THAT GUN, LADY, GIVE IT TO ME!
ANDY! NO!
"ANDY! NO!" HUH HUH HUH...
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
YEAH. "ANDY. NO." HUH. HUH HUH HUH.
ANDY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!? DON'T...!
ZING
ZING
BEOW
POW
HIT THE TREES, REGAN! RUN!
K-POW
AKKKHH! MY ARM!
PUNK'S GETTIN' AWAY!
WE'LL SET THE DOGS ON HIM LATER! GRAB THE GIRL!
BLAM
BLAM
ZING

WHAT--?! WHO'S POPPIN' CAPS?
GOTTA BE THAT LADY SCIENTIST AND THE KID! THEY FOUND 'EM!
MOVE.
BANG! BLAM!
RIGHT BEHIND YA, BOY!
RISE UP AND SMITE THE WICKED, BROTHER WONGO!
BUH-
LOOM!
HYAH, SPORT! GET 'EM, BOY!
BLAM!

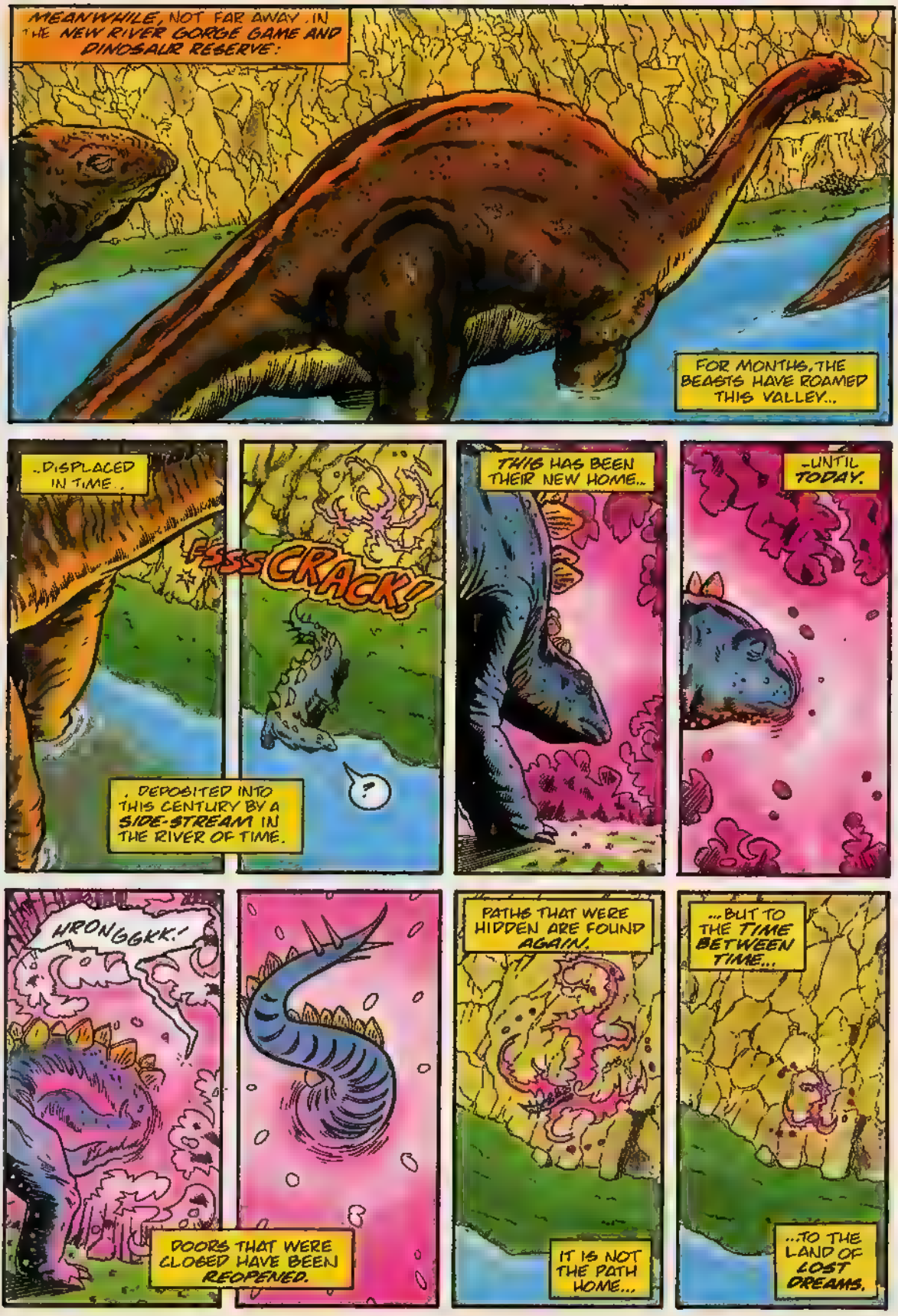
GRRRAARR!
BOOM!
UUHHH!
BU-LOOM!
YYAAAHH!
THUNK!
THHHH...
AKKKK!

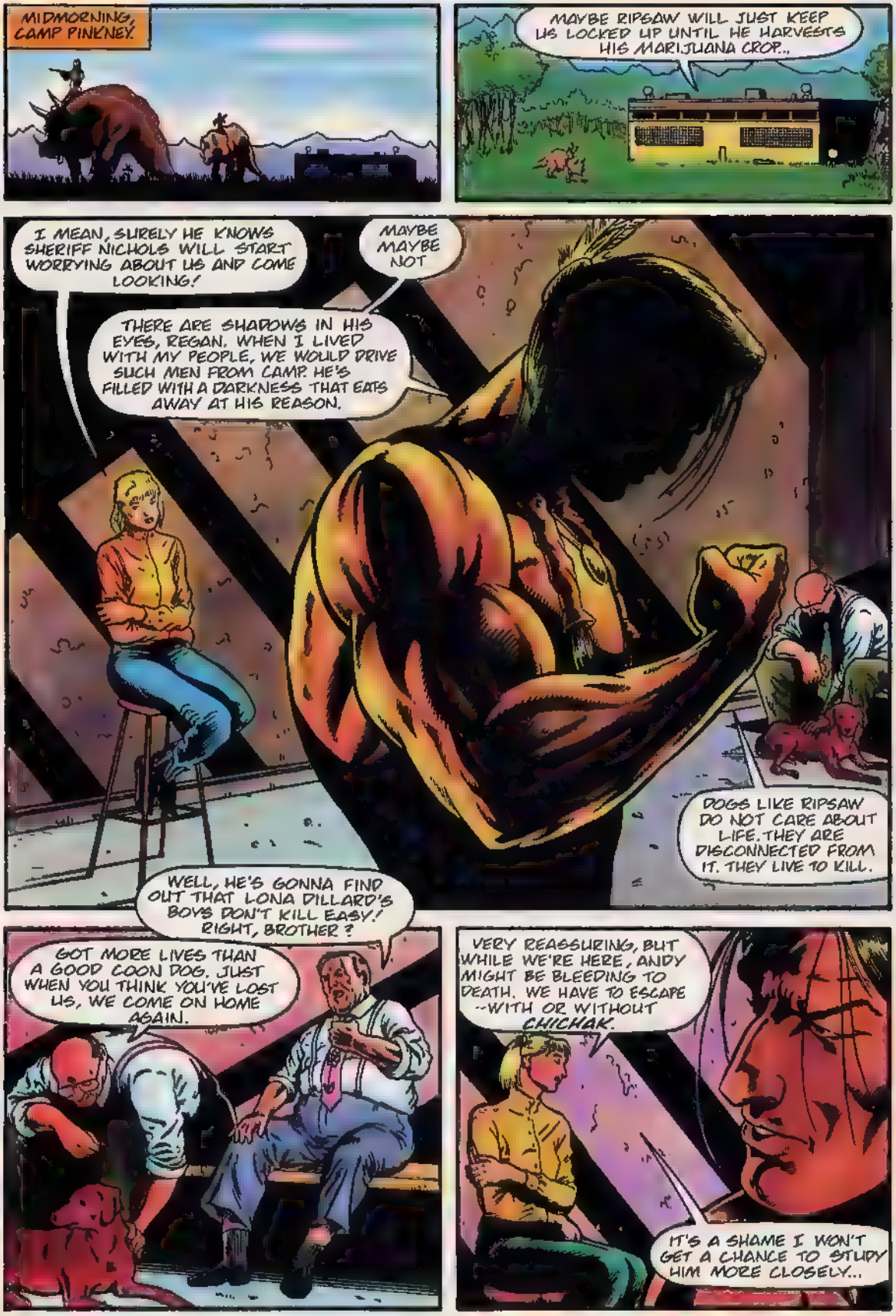
(KNOW THIS, CHICHAK OF THE SPIDER PEOPLE--I CAME TO HELP YOU!)
(I WILL BE BACK...FOR YOUR APOLOGY--OR YOUR BLOOD!)
GET 'EM! THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY!
TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
PREACHER! WONGO! THIS WAY! WE'VE GOT TO HELP REGAN AND ANDY!
THE LORD WAS OUR SHIELD, BOY! PARTED 'EM LIKE WATER FOR MOSES!
WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT!

HUH HUH HUH. MAYBE NOT.
REGAN!
IT'S O.K., TUROK. THEY HAVEN'T HARMED ME ANDY GOT AWAY.
NOT FER LONG, LADY WE GONNA FIND THAT BROWNSKIN BOY AND SKIN HIM ALIVE
YOU INBRED PIECE OF TRASH! LET US GO! NOW!
Dang dirty dope sniffin' dog-defilin' gut-scrapes.
NO USE CUSSIN' 'EM NOW, NONGO
THEY GOT US. COLD AS DEER GUTS IN A BUZZARD'S FREEZER
<HAH! A GOOD FIGHT, TUROK! BUT YOU GET NEITHER CHICHAK'S APOLOGY NOR HIS BLOOD, NOW!>
WHAT'S THAT SAVAGE OF YERS LIP-LOPPIN' ABOUT, RIPSAW? LET'S JUST SHOOT 'EM!
NOT YET, NOT OUT HERE. WAIT 'TIL MORNIN'
OL' CHICHAK DONE SHOWED US HOW TO WORK THESE THREE-HORNED LIZARDS MAYBE HE CAN SHOW US HOW TO HAVE A LIL' FUN WITH 'EM, TOO. EH, BIG BUDDY?

GET YER BUTT OFF THAT HORNY-SAURUS AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOME FUN, POTHEAD-- DILLARD-STYLE!
AW, WONGO! JUST ZIP IT AND MOVE TO THE BUNGALOW. NOW!
YOU OTHERS..
"...FIND THAT KID!"
HMMMPH!
ARE WE HAVING FUN YET, ANDY? ALONE IN THE WOODS WITH THE 'SKEETERS AND THE SQUIRRELS, AND A BULLET IN YOUR LEG AND ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD
SO WHY DO YOU LET THE T-MAN TALK YOU INTO THIS STUFF?
I MEAN, AIN'T YOU WISE YET? GETTING STABBED AND SLASHED AND SHOT AT. CHASED BY BAD GUYS AND BIG LIZARDS..
DOIN' WITHOUT BABES AND BIKES AND BREAKFAST.
YOU'RE A SAP, ANDY. A GRADE-A, HUNDRED-PERCENT, U.S.D.A.-INSPECTED, PIECE A' WHOLE-SALE CHUMP MEAT.
UHHN!
WHEN REGAN HOWELL'S NOT BOSSIN' YOU AROUND, TUROK'S BUSTIN' YER HUMP WITH THAT OLD WAYS CRAP.
AND YOU PROBABLY AIN'T GOIN' HOME.

GOT THAT RIGHT, KID.
Aw, no...!
...LONGHUNTER.
AW, YES, LONGHUNTER.
GET YER HAND AWAY FROM THAT .45, OR WE'LL SPRAY YOU ACROSS THE WOODS LIKE MILK OUT A FAT BOY'S NOSE.
YOU TRIED TO KILL US, YOU PSYCHO! WE'D BE Mc-DINO BURGERS RIGHT NOW, IF THOSE TWO BOUNTY-HUNTERS HADN'T COME ALONG!
BUT, HEY, I FEEL BETTER NOW GOT IT OUT OF MY SYSTEM
WE'LL BE BUDS. JUST TELL ME WHERE YOUR FRIENDS ARE!
YEAH, WELL, SORRY. BEEN A LEAN YEAR-- EVER SINCE YER PIGTAILED PAL BUSTED UP MY BUSINESS-- AN' MY NOSE.
MY FRIENDS?
SURE. I CAN TAKE YOU RIGHT TO 'EM, DUDE
JUST FOLLOW ME...


MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, IN THE NEW RIVER GORGE GAME AND DINOSAUR RESERVE:
FOR MONTHS, THE BEASTS HAVE ROAMED THIS VALLEY...
..DISPLACED IN TIME..
FSSSCRACK!
..DEPOSITED INTO THIS CENTURY BY A SIDE-STREAM IN THE RIVER OF TIME.
?
THIS HAS BEEN THEIR NEW HOME..
..UNTIL TODAY.
HRONGGKK!
DOORS THAT WERE CLOSED HAVE BEEN REOPENED.
PATHS THAT WERE HIDDEN ARE FOUND AGAIN.
IT IS NOT THE PATH HOME...
...BUT TO THE TIME BETWEEN TIME...
...TO THE LAND OF LOST DREAMS.


MIDMORNING, CAMP PINKNEY.
MAYBE RIPSAW WILL JUST KEEP US LOCKED UP UNTIL HE HARVESTS HIS MARIJUANA CROP..
I MEAN, SURELY HE KNOWS SHERIFF NICHOLS WILL START WORRYING ABOUT US AND COME LOOKING!
MAYBE MAYBE NOT
THERE ARE SHADOWS IN HIS EYES, REGAN. WHEN I LIVED WITH MY PEOPLE, WE WOULD DRIVE SUCH MEN FROM CAMP. HE'S FILLED WITH A DARKNESS THAT EATS AWAY AT HIS REASON.
DOGS LIKE RIPSAW DO NOT CARE ABOUT LIFE. THEY ARE DISCONNECTED FROM IT. THEY LIVE TO KILL.
WELL, HE'S GONNA FIND OUT THAT LONA DILLARD'S BOYS DON'T KILL EASY! RIGHT, BROTHER ?
GOT MORE LIVES THAN A GOOD COON DOG. JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE LOST US, WE COME ON HOME AGAIN.
VERY REASSURING, BUT WHILE WE'RE HERE, ANDY MIGHT BE BLEEDING TO DEATH. WE HAVE TO ESCAPE --WITH OR WITHOUT CHICHAK.
IT'S A SHAME I WON'T GET A CHANCE TO STUDY HIM MORE CLOSELY...

STUDY HIM, PROFESSOR HOWELL? YOU SPEAK OF HIM AS IF HE'S A THING--NOT A MAN.
OH, PLEASE, TUROK. YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT.
DO I? I'M NOT SO SURE, ANYMORE.
WHAT IS A PRIMITIVE LIKE CHICHAK TO YOU, REGAN?
FOR THAT MATTER, WHAT AM I TO YOU?
WHAT YOU'RE INSINUATING IS HIGHLY INSULTING, TUROK. IF THERE'S SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SAY TO ME, FINE. BUT WE'LL NOT SPEAK OF IT HERE!
DON'T TREAT ME LIKE A CHILD, REGAN.
AFTER ALL, YOU'VE STUDIED ME FOR MONTHS.
BY THIS TIME, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT I AM VERY MUCH A MAN.
GOOD GRIEF! I DON'T BELIEVE I'M HEARING THIS!
NOT FROM YOU, TUROK!
YOU'VE SEEN HOW YOUR PEOPLE CHANGED WHILE YOU WERE IN LOST LAND. A CENTURY AGO, THE GOVERNMENT ALMOST WIPED OUT YOUR CULTURE!
WELL, THAT HASN'T CHANGED. IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, YOU'D HAVE BEEN LOCKED UP AND "REEDUCATED" EVERYTHING WE COULD LEARN FROM YOU WOULD BE LOST!
WRONG, REGAN. I AM TUROK, A SON OF THE KIOWA-APACHE. THAT WOULD NEVER BE LOST!

WE CAN'T BE SURE OF THAT, TUROK. I--
--OOOOFFF!--
OUT OF THE WAY, LADY! COMIN' THROUGH!
HITCH UP YER DRAWERS. WE GOT PLACES TO GO
LEAVE HER ALONE, RIPSAW!
HEAR THAT, CHICHAK OL' BUDDY? WAS YER FRIEND ALWAYS SO BOSSY?
ALWAYS
I WONDER IF TUROK KNOWS THAT BEHIND HIS BACK, THE WARRIORS WHOM HE LED IN LOST LAND CALLED HIM "THE GRANDMOTHER."
DOG! I CAME TO HELP YOU, AND YOU'VE REPAID ME WITH BETRAYAL AND INSULTS!
I'LL HAVE YOUR BLOOD, CHICHAK!
WRONG. I'LL HAVE YOURS..
...AND EVERYTHING ELSE YOU HOLD DEAR!
CHICHAK...I-- I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME.
SMAK!

BOYS, BOYS, BOYS. KEEP ARGUIN' OVER YER TOYS AN' I'LL HAVE TO CHAIN YA BEHIND THE COOL STOVE.
I MEAN, THAT'S WHAT MY DADDY ALWAYS DONE TA ME.
THE GAL'S SMART, CHICHAK. CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S JUST PLAYIN' UP TO YA SO YOU'LL MAYBE HELP 'EM TO GET AWAY?
LET ME HAVE TUROK, RIPSAW. I'LL COOK YOU HIS HEART FOR BREAKFAST!
SORRY, OL' BUDDY...
=UUUHHHNNHH!=
WHRUMP!
...BUT I GOT ME SOME OTHER DININ' PLANS THIS MORNIN'!
TRAITOR! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THIS?

SIMPLE, BO'. I BRUNG YA ALONG TA TEACH US HOW TO CONTROL THEM THREE-HORN DINOSAURS. YOU DONE THAT.
SO, BIG THANKS AND ALL, BUT I DON'T NEED YA ANY MORE. ONE LESS MAN IS ONE LESS PAYCHECK, IS HOW I LOOK AT IT.
'SIDES, IT'S CLEAR TO ME THAT YOU TEND TO ATTRACT BIG HEAT. I DON'T NEED THAT KIND OF AGGRAVATION RIGHT NOW.

YOU'RE SLIMIER THAN WEEK-OLD COON GUTS, RIPSAW!
GIVE ME A CHANCE, POTHEAD, AND YOU'LL BE WEARIN' YOUR HEAD FOR A BEDPAN!
AMEN! TESTIFY TO HIM SOME MORE, PREACHER!

NO NEED. SPORT'S DONE PREACHED HIM ALL THE SERMON HE'D EVER LISTEN TO!

DANG DOG!
GIT! ALL OF YA!

HEY, EVERYBODY! GATHER 'ROUND! TIME TO TAKE A BREAK AND HAVE A LIL' FUN!
YAAH - HOOO!
GRAB YER CASH AND BRING YER STASH, BOYS! IT'S PARTY TIME!
EASY, NOW! I HEAR THEM BIG MUSCLE BOYS BRUISE EASY! WOULDN'T WANT 'EM TO GET HURT NONE, WOULD WE...?
...LEAST, NOT 'TIL WE'VE SHOWED 'EM SOME GOOD OL' NEW RIVER HOSPITALITY!

YOU TWO APES NOW EXIST PURELY FOR MY ENTERTAINMENT.
AND WHAT WOULD ENTERTAIN ME MOST RIGHT NOW IS A LITTLE BLEEDIN'!
SO, WITH THAT SAID...
...GENTLEMEN, START YER ENGINES!
IT'S SHOWTIME!
NEXT: SHOWDOWN!

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